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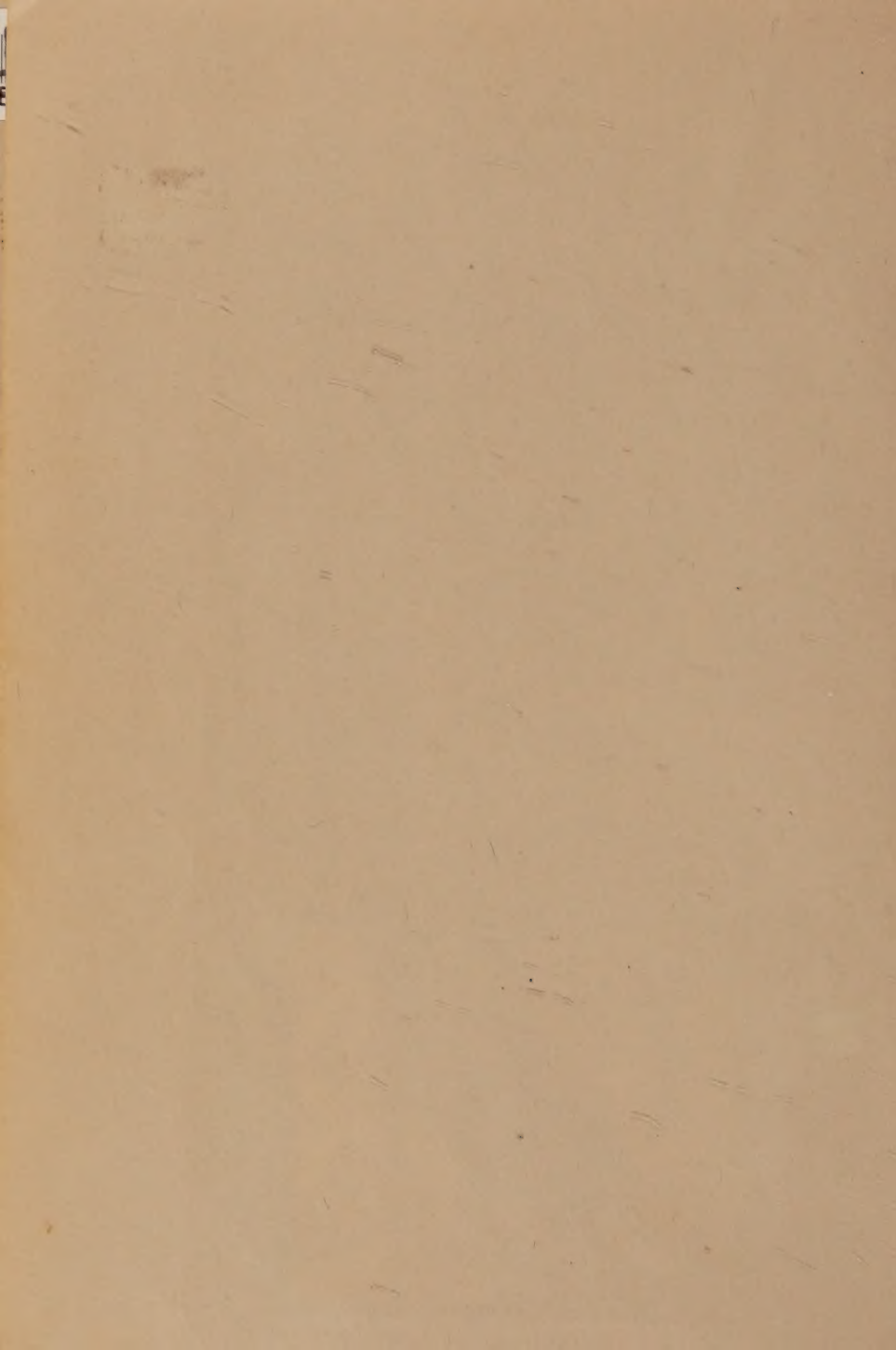
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**SILVERHORN**









"SILVERHORN, SILVERHORN!"

# SILVERHORN

## THE HILDA CONKLING BOOK

FOR OTHER CHILDREN

With Illustrations by  
DOROTHY P. LATHROP



NEW YORK  
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
MCMXXIV

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## FOR YOU, MOTHER

**I** *HAVE a dream for you, Mother,  
Like a soft thick fringe to hide your eyes.  
I have a surprise for you, Mother,  
Shaped like a strange butterfly.  
I have found a way of thinking  
To make you happy;  
I have made a song and a poem  
All twisted into one.  
If I sing, you listen;  
If I think, you know.  
I have a secret from everybody in the world full  
of people  
But I cannot always remember how it goes;  
It is a song  
For you, Mother,  
With a curl of cloud and a feather of blue  
And a mist  
Blowing along the sky.  
If I sing it some day, under my voice,  
Will it make you happy?*





Selections

from

*Poems by a Little Girl*

and

*Shoes of the Wind*

by

Hilda Conkling



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SILVERHORN



## SILVERHORN

**I**T is out in the mountains  
I find him,  
My snowy deer  
With silver horns like dew,  
Horns that sparkle.  
I think I see him in the hollow,  
He is on the high hill!  
I think I see him on the hill,  
He is leaping through the air!  
I think I can ride upon his back,  
He is like moonlight I cannot hold,  
He is like thoughts I lose.  
He flows by  
All white . . .  
He makes me think of the brook  
Out of the hills  
With its little foamy points  
Like his twitching ears,  
Like his horns of silver  
Sparkling.

The brook is his only friend  
When he travels . . .  
Silverhorn, Silverhorn!



## FIRST SONGS

### I

**R**OSY plum-tree, think of me  
When Spring comes down the world!

### II

There's dozens full of dandelions  
Down in the field:  
Little gold plates,  
Little gold dishes in the grass.  
I cannot count them,  
But the fairies know every one.

## THEATRE-SONG

**E**AGLES were flying over the sky  
And mermaids danced in the gold waters.  
Eagles were calling over the sky  
And the water was the color of blue flowers.  
Sunshine was 'flected in the waves  
Like meadows of white buds.  
This is what I saw  
On a morning long ago . . .

## VELVETS

*By a Bed of Pansies*

**T**HIS pansy has a thinking face  
Like the yellow moon.  
This one has a face with white blots:  
I call him the clown.  
Here goes one down the grass  
With a pretty look of plumpness;  
She is a little girl going to school  
With her hands in the pockets of her pinafore.  
Her name is Sue.  
I like this one, in a bonnet,  
Waiting,  
Her eyes are so deep!  
But these on the other side,  
These that wear purple and blue,  
They are the Velvets,  
The king with his cloak,  
The queen with her gown,  
The prince with his feather.  
These are dark and quiet  
And stay alone.



## VELVETS

*I know you, Velvets,  
Color of Dark,  
Like the pine-tree on the hill  
When stars shine!*

## MOON SONG

**T**HERE is a star that runs very fast,  
That goes pulling the moon  
Through the tops of the poplars.  
It is all in silver,  
The tall star:  
The moon rolls goldenly along  
Out of breath.  
*Mr. Moon, does he make you hurry?*



✓  
MOUSE

**L**ITTLE MOUSE in gray velvet,  
Have you had a cheese-breakfast?  
There are no crumbs on your coat,  
Did you use a napkin?  
I wonder what you had to eat,  
And who dresses you in gray velvet?

## THE CHAMPLAIN SANDMAN

**T**HE Sandman comes pattering across the  
Bay:

His hair is silver,

His footstep soft.

The moon shines on his silver hair,

On his quick feet.

The Sandman comes searching across the Bay:

He goes to all the houses he knows

To put sand in little girls' eyes.

That is why I go to my sleepy bed,

And why the lake-gull leaves the moon alone.

There are no wings to moonlight any more,

Only the Sandman's hair.

## WATER

**T**HE world turns softly  
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.  
The water is held in its arms  
And the sky is held in the water.  
What is water,  
That pours silver,  
And can hold the sky?

## CHICKADEE

**T**HE chickadee in the appletree  
Talks all the time very gently.  
He makes me sleepy.  
I rock away to the sea-lights.  
Far off I hear him talking  
The way smooth bright pebbles  
Drop into water . . .  
*Chick-a-dee-dee-dee . . .*

## ROSE-MOSS

**L**ITTLE ROSE-MOSS beside the stone,  
Are you lonely in the garden?  
There are no friends of you,  
And the birds are gone.  
Shall I pick you? ”

“ Little girl up by the hollyhock,  
I am not lonely.  
I feel the sun burning,  
I hold light in my cup,  
I have all the rain I want,  
I think things to myself that you don't know,  
And I listen to the talk of crickets.  
I am not lonely,  
But you may pick me  
And take me to your mother.”





## AUTUMN SONG

**I** MADE a ring of leaves  
On the autumn grass :  
I was a fairy queen all day.  
Inside the ring, the wind wore sandals  
Not to make a noise of going.  
The caterpillars, like little snow men,  
Had wound themselves in their winter coats.  
The hands of the trees were bare  
And their fingers fluttered.  
I was a queen of yellow leaves and brown,  
And the redness of my fairy ring  
Kept me warm.

## AUTUMN SONG

For the wind blew near,  
Though he made no noise of going,  
And I hadn't a close-made wrap  
Like the caterpillars.  
Even a queen of fairies can be cold  
When summer has forgotten and gone!  
Keep me warm, red leaves;  
Don't let the frost tiptoe into my ring  
On the magic grass!

## ABOUT MY DREAMS

**N**OW the flowers are all folded  
And the dark is going by.  
The evening is arising . . .  
It is time to rest.  
When I am sleeping  
I find my pillow full of dreams.  
They are all new dreams:  
No one told them to me  
Before I came through the cloud.  
They remember the sky, my little dreams,  
They have wings, they are quick, they are sweet.  
Help me tell my dreams  
To the other children,  
So that their bread may taste whiter,  
So that the milk they drink  
May make them think of meadows  
In the sky of stars.  
Help me give bread to the other children  
So that their dreams may come back:  
So they will remember what they knew  
Before they came through the cloud.  
Let me hold their little hands in the dark,  
The lonely children,

## ABOUT MY DREAMS

The babies that have no mothers any more.  
Dear God, let me hold up my silver cup  
For them to drink,  
And tell them the sweetness  
Of my dreams.

## PEACOCK FEATHERS

**O**N trees of fairyland  
Grow peacock feathers of daylight colors  
Like an Austrian fan.  
But there is a strange thing!  
I have heard that night gathers these feathers  
For her cloak;  
I have heard that the stars, the moon,  
Are the eyes of peacock feathers  
From fairy trees.  
It is a thing that may be,  
But I should not be sure of it, my dear,  
If I were you!

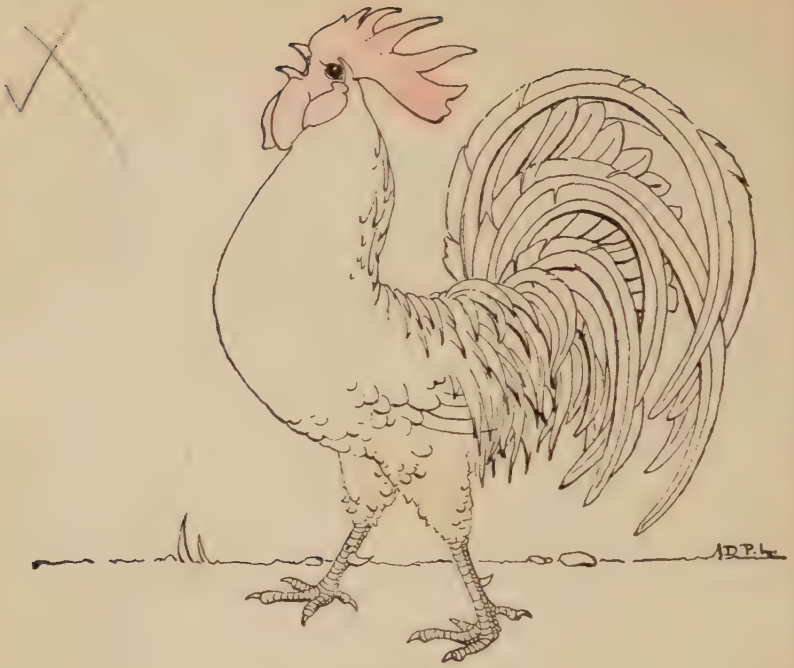




## BUTTERFLY

**B**UTTERFLY,  
I like the way you wear your wings.  
Show me their colors,  
For the light is going.  
Spread out their edges of gold,  
Before the Sandman puts me to sleep  
And evening murmurs by.





## RED ROOSTER

**R**ED ROOSTER in your gray coop,  
O stately creature with tail-feathers red  
and blue,  
Yellow and black,  
You have a comb gay as a parade  
On your head:  
You have pearl trinkets  
On your feet:  
The short feathers smooth along your back  
Are the dark color of wet rocks,

## RED ROOSTER

Or the rippled green of ships  
When I look at their sides through water.  
I don't know how you happened to be made  
So proud, so foolish,  
Wearing your coat of many colors,  
Shouting all day long your crooked words,  
Loud . . . sharp . . . not beautiful!

## TREE-TOAD

**T**REE-TOAD is a small gray person  
With a silver voice.  
Tree-toad is a leaf-gray shadow  
That sings.  
Tree-toad is never seen  
Unless a star squeezes through the leaves,  
Or a moth looks sharply at a gray branch.  
How would it be, I wonder,  
To sing patiently all night,  
Never thinking that people are asleep?  
Raindrops and mist, starriness over the trees,  
The moon, the dew, the other little singers,  
Cricket . . . toad . . . leaf rustling . . .  
They would listen:  
It would be music like weather  
That gets into all the corners  
Of out-of-doors.

Every night I see little shadows  
I never saw before.  
Every night I hear little voices  
I never heard before.  
When night comes trailing her starry cloak,

## TREE-TOAD

I start out for slumberland,  
With tree-toads calling along the roadside.  
*Good-night*, I say to one, *Good-by*, I say to another:  
*I hope to find you on the way*  
*We have traveled before!*  
*I hope to hear you singing on the Road of Dreams!*

## THE WHITE CLOUD

THERE are many clouds  
But not like the one I see,  
For mine floats like a swan in featheriness  
Over the River of the Broken Pine.

There are many clouds  
But not like the one that goes sailing  
Like a ship full of gold that shines,  
Like a ship leaning above blue water.

There are many clouds  
But not like the one I wait for,  
For mine will have a strangeness  
Whiter than anything your eyes remember.

## THE OLD BRIDGE

**T**HE old bridge has a wrinkled face.  
He bends his back  
For us to go over.  
He moans and weeps  
But we do not hear.  
Sorrow stands in his face  
For the heavy weight and worry  
Of people passing.  
The trees drop their leaves into the water;  
The sky nods to him.  
The leaves float down like small ships  
On the blue surface  
Which is the sky.  
He is not always sad:  
He smiles to see the ships go down  
And the little children  
Playing on the river banks.

## THE DEW-LIGHT

THE Dew-man comes over the mountains  
wide,

Over the deserts of sand,  
With his bag of clear drops  
And his brush of feathers.  
He scatters brightness.  
The white bunnies beg him for dew.  
He sprinkles their fur,  
They shake themselves.  
All the time he is singing

*The unknown world is beautiful!*

He polishes flowers,  
Humming "*Oh, beautiful!*"  
He sings in the soft light  
That grows out of the dew,  
Out of the misty dew-light that leans over him  
He makes his song . . .

*It is beautiful, the unknown world!*







## HOLLAND SONG

*For a Dutch picture*

WHEN light comes creeping through the  
hills 43  
That shine with mist,  
When winds blow soft,  
Windmills wake and whirl.  
In Holland, in Holland,  
Everything is cheerful  
Across the sea :  
White nets are beside the water  
Where ships sail by.  
The mountains begin to get blue,  
The Dutch girls begin to sing,  
The windmills begin to whirl.  
Then night comes  
The mountains turn dark gray  
And faint away into night.  
Not a bird chirps his song.  
All is drowsy,  
All is strange,  
With the moon and stars shining round the world :  
The wind stops,  
The windmills stop  
In Holland . . .



## SUN FLOWERS

**S**UN-FLOWERS, stop growing!  
If you touch the sky where those clouds are  
    passing  
Like tufts of dandelion gone to seed,  
The sky will put you out!  
You know it is blue like the sea . . .  
Maybe it is wet, too!  
Your gold faces will be gone forever  
If you brush against that blue  
Ever so softly!

## YELLOW SUMMER-THROAT

**Y**ELLOW summer-throat sat singing  
In a bending spray of willow tree.  
Thin fine green-y lines on his throat,  
The ruffled outside of his throat,  
Trembled when he sang.  
He kept saying the same thing;  
The willow did not mind.

*I knew what he said, I knew,  
But how can I tell you?*

I have to watch the willow bend in the wind.

## DANDELION

**O** LITTLE soldier with the golden helmet,  
What are you guarding on my lawn?  
You with your green gun  
And your yellow beard,  
Why do you stand so stiff?  
There is only the grass to fight!





## PEGASUS

*C*OME, dear Pegasus, I said,  
Let me ride on your back;  
I have often seen your shadow in the glittering  
creek;  
Pegasus, beautiful Pegasus,  
Let me sit on your back!

He was away,  
But I was on his back,  
So I went with him.  
We had a castle in a mountain cloud.  
So quickly was he away,  
I had no time to look or speak!  
That was the last I saw of father or mother.  
We went far from the shining creek,  
Farther than I know how to tell you:  
It was good-by.



## VENICE BRIDGE

*For a painting*

A WAY back in an old city  
I saw a bridge.  
That bridge belonged to Venice.  
It was to the rainbow clear  
It traveled,  
Over an old canal.  
You had to pass a cloudy gate  
To reach the color . . .  
Bridges do sometimes begin on the earth  
And end in the sky.



## POEMS

**S**EE the fur coats go by!  
The morning is like the inside of a snow-apple.  
I will curl myself cushion-shape  
On the window-seat;  
I will read poems by snow-light.  
If I cannot understand them so,  
I will turn them upside down  
And read them by the red candles  
Of garden brambles.

## GEOGRAPHY

I CAN tell balsam trees  
By their grayish bluish silverish look of  
smoke.

Pine trees fringe out.  
Hemlocks look like Christmas.  
The spruce tree is feathered and rough  
Like the legs of the red chickens in our poultry  
yard.

I can study my geography from chickens  
Named for Plymouth Rock and Rhode Island,  
And from trees out of Canada.

No; I shall leave the chickens out.  
I shall make a new geography of my own.  
I shall have a hillside of spruce and hemlock  
Like a separate country,  
And I shall mark a walk of spires on my map,  
A secret road of balsam trees  
With blue buds.

Trees that smell like a wind out of fairy-land  
Where little people live  
Who need no geography  
But trees.

## MORNING

**T**HERE is a brook I must hear  
Before I go to sleep.  
There is a birch tree I must visit  
Every night of clearness.  
I have to do some dreaming,  
I have to listen a great deal,  
Before light comes back  
By a silver arrow of cloud,  
And I rub my eyes and say  
*It must be morning on this hill!*

## SONG

A SCARLET bird went sailing away through  
the wood . . .

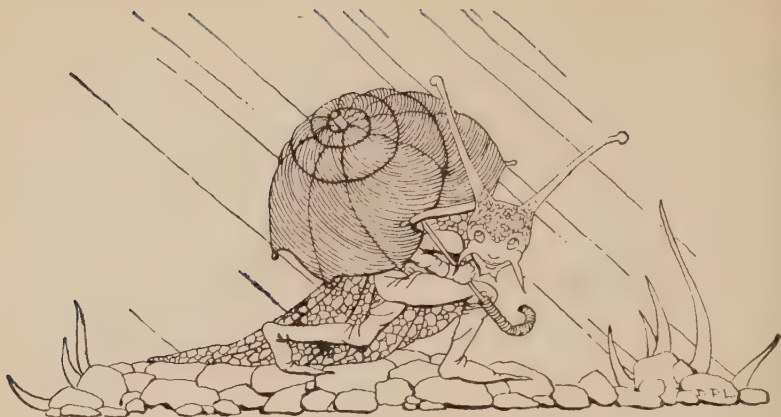
*It was only a mist of dream  
That floated by.*

Bare boughs of my apple-tree,  
Beautiful gray arms stretched out to me,  
Swaying to and fro like angels' wings . . .

*It was only a mist of dream  
That floated by.*

## BUTTERFLY

**A**S I walked through my garden  
I saw a butterfly light on a flower.  
His wings were pink and purple:  
He spoke a small word . . .  
It was *Follow!*  
“*I cannot follow*”  
I told him,  
“*I have to go the opposite way.*”



## LITTLE SNAIL

**I** SAW a little snail  
Come down the garden walk.  
He wagged his head this way . . . that way . . .  
Like a clown in a circus.  
He looked from side to side  
As though he were from a different country.  
I have always said he carries his house on his  
back . . .  
To-day in the rain  
I saw that it was his umbrella!

## LITTLE PAPOOSE

**L**ITTLE papoose  
Swung high in the branches  
Hears a song of birds, stars, clouds,  
Small nests of birds,  
Small buds of flowers.  
But he is thinking of his mother with dark hair  
Like her horse's mane.

Fair clouds nod to him  
Where he swings in the tree,  
But he is thinking of his father  
Dark and glistening and wonderful,  
Of his father with a voice like ice and velvet,  
And tones of falling water,  
Of his father who shouts  
Like a storm.



## A THING FORGOTTEN

**W**HITE owl is not gloomy;  
Black bat is not sad.

It is only that each has forgotten

Something he used to remember :

Black bat goes searching . . . searching . . .

White owl says over and over

*Who? What? Where?*

THE GREEN PALM TREE

**I** SAT under a delicate palm tree  
On a shore of sounding waves.  
I felt sure I was alone,  
Listening.

A sea-gull flew by from France,  
A sea-gull flew by from Spain,  
A sea-gull flew by from Mexico!  
I laughed softly  
When they saw me :  
It was those travelers  
From foreign countries  
Changed my thoughts  
To laughter!

## HAY-COCK

**T**HIS is another kind of sweetness  
Shaped like a bee-hive:  
This is the hive the bees have left,  
It is from this clover-heap  
They took away the honey  
For the other hive!

ONLY MORNING-GLORY THAT  
FLOWERED

UNDER the vine I saw one morning-glory  
A tight unfolding bud  
Half out.  
He looked hard down into my lettuce-bed.  
He was thinking hard.  
He said *I want a friend!*  
I was standing there:  
I said, *Well, I am here! Don't you see me?*  
But he thought and thought.

The next day I found him happy,  
Quite out,  
Looking about the world.  
The wind blew sweet airs,  
Carried away his perfume in the sun;  
And near by swung a new flower  
Uncurling its hands . . .  
He was not thoughtful  
Any more!

## MUSHROOM SONG

✓ **O**H little mushrooms with brown faces  
underneath  
And bare white heads,  
You think of summer and you think of song . . .  
Why don't you think of me  
In my little white bed  
In the night?  
You think only of your singsong and your dances,  
Following your leader round and round,  
You think only of the grass  
And the green apples and leaves  
Dropping out of the blue . . .  
Why don't you think of me asleep  
In my little white bed?  
The wind thinks of me,  
Brown-white dancers!  
You forget,  
But the wind remembers.





## SUMMER-DAY SONG

**W**ILD birds fly over me.  
I am not the blue curtain overhead,  
I am the one who lives under the sky.  
I swing to the tree-tops,  
I pick strawberries,  
I sing and play,  
And happiness makes me like a great god  
On the earth.  
It makes me think of great things  
A little girl like me  
Could not know of.





### THE APPLE-JELLY-FISH-TREE

✓ **D**OWN in the depths of the sea  
Grew the Apple-Jelly-Fish-Tree.  
It was named by a queer old robber  
And his mates three.

I watched it for a second,  
I watched it for a day.  
It did not change color  
For its colors stay.

## THE APPLE-JELLY-FISH-TREE

It was as red, as yellow, as white, as blue  
As gold and stones with the light through!

*I watched it long and long  
Till a flying sunfish  
Swam through its branches.  
He had opal wings  
And a sapphire tail.*

No wonder robbers like to stay  
Where fish so shining come to play!

## THE LONESOME GREEN APPLE

**T**HERE was a little green apple  
That had lasted over winter.  
He had one leaf . . .  
In spite of that he was lonesome.  
He wondered what he could do  
When the blossoms were all around him,  
But one day he saw something!  
Petals were falling, faces were looking out,  
Shapes like his were coming in the buds;  
Then he said:  
*"If I hold on  
There will be a tree-full,  
And I shall know more than any of them!"*

## MOON DOVES

THE moon has a dove-cote safe and small,  
Hid in the velvet sky:  
The doves are her companions sweet;  
She has no others.  
Moon doves on the wing are white  
As a valley of stars,  
When they fly, there is shining  
Like a golden river.  
*I see so many whirling away and away,  
How can they get home again?*  
The moon is calm and never wears an anxious  
look,  
She goes on smiling.  
*I hear so many doves along the sky  
How will her dove-cote hold them?*  
The moon says not one word to me;  
She lets me wonder.

## I WENT TO SEA

I WENT to sea in a glass-bottomed boat  
And found that the loveliest shells of all  
Are hidden below in valleys of sand.  
I saw coral and sponge and weed  
And bubbles like jewels dangling.  
I saw a creature with eyes of mist  
Go by slowly.  
Star-fish fingers held the water . . .  
Let it go again . . .  
I saw little fish, the children of the sea;  
They were gay and busy.  
I wanted the sea-weed purple; I wanted the shells;  
I wanted a little fish to hold in my hands;  
I wanted the big fish to stop wandering about,  
And tell me all they knew . . .  
I have come back safe and dry  
And know no more secrets  
Than yesterday!

## SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN

**S**NOW-CAPPED mountain, so white, so tall,  
The whole sea  
Must stand behind you!

Snow-capped mountain, with the wind on your  
forehead,  
Do you hold the eagles' nests?

Proud thing,  
You shine like a lily,  
Yet with a different whiteness;  
I should not dare to venture  
Up your slippery towers,  
For I am thinking you lean too far  
Over the Edge of the World!

## SHINY BROOK

O H, shiny brook,  
I watch you on your way to the sea,  
And see little faces peering up  
Out of the water . . .  
Water-fairies . . .  
Strange smiles and questions.  
They are your pebbles sweet,  
Golden with foam of the sun,  
Blue with foam of the sky.  
I know their way of speaking,  
Of talking to each other:  
I hear them telling secrets  
About green moss, about fish that get lost.  
And how I am sitting on a big stone  
Getting my feet wet in Shiny Brook  
To watch their surprising ways!



D.P. Lathrop





## BIRD OF PARADISE

**I** WAS walking in a meadow of Paradise  
When I heard a singing  
Far away and sweet  
Like a Roman harp,  
Sweet and murmurous  
Like the wind,  
Far and soft  
Like the fir trees.

It will not change a song  
If the bird has a golden crest;  
No feathers of blue and rose-red  
Could make a song.  
I have known in my dreaming  
A gray bird that sang  
While all the fields listened!  
The Bird of Paradise is like flowers of many trees  
Blooming on one:  
I saw him in the meadow,  
But it was the gray bird I heard singing  
Beyond and far.

## HILLS

**T**HE hills are going somewhere;  
They have been on the way a long time.  
They are like camels in a line  
But they move more slowly.  
Sometimes at sunset they carry silks,  
But most of the time silver birch trees,  
Heavy rocks, heavy trees, gold leaves  
On heavy branches till they are aching . . .  
Birches like silver bars they can hardly lift  
With grass so thick about their feet to hinder . . .  
They have not gone far  
In the time I've watched them . . .

## ADVENTURE

**I** WENT slowly through the wood of shadows,  
Thinking always I should meet some one:  
There was no one.

I found a hollow  
Sweet to rest in all night long:  
I did not stay.

I came out beyond the trees  
To the moaning sea.  
Over the sea swam a cloud the outline of a ship:  
What if that ship held my adventure  
Under its sails?

*Come quickly to me, come quickly,  
I am waiting.  
I am here on the sand;  
Sail close!  
I want to go over the waves . . .  
The sand holds me back.  
Oh adventure, if you belong to me,  
Don't blow away down the sky!*

## HUMMING-BIRD

**W**HY do you stand on the air  
And no sun shining?  
How can you hold yourself so still  
On raindrops sliding?  
They change and fall, they are not steady,  
But you do not know they are gone.  
Is there a silver wire  
I cannot see?  
Is the wind your perch?  
Raindrops slide down your little shoulders . . .  
They do not wet you:  
I think you are not real  
In your green feathers!  
You are not a humming-bird at all  
Standing on air above the garden!  
I dreamed you the way I dream fairies,  
Or the flower I lost yesterday!

## ENVOY

**I** *F I am happy, and you,  
And there are things to do,  
It seems to be the reason  
Of this world!*

## LOCUST TREE IN BLOOM

A BOUGH of locust blossoms for my present,  
Or just a spray is enough for me!  
*They smell like honeysuckle and poppies*  
*Twined together . . .*  
*Their buds hang like green fruit . . .*  
*They are shoes of the wind.*

## POEMS

**I** KNOW how poems come;  
They have wings.  
When you are not thinking of it  
I suddenly say  
"Mother, a poem!"  
Somehow I hear it  
Rustling.

Poems come like boats  
With sails for wings;  
Crossing the sky swiftly  
They slip under tall bridges  
Of cloud.





### CLOUDY PANSY

**W**ANDERING down a dusty road  
I met a gypsy.  
She might have dropped out of the trees.  
She had a green kerchief  
And a blue velvet skirt,  
A lavender cape  
And a gold locket:  
Green shoes on the feet  
That trod the powdery road  
To the marble-floored Vermont river  
Thinking . . . as it goes along . . .

## EDGE OF MORNING

**G**RAY slate roof of a house near by  
Turned silvery by the sun . . .  
Clouds keeping their grayish night-  
pink . . .

Then suddenly  
Sunlight poured through the windows;  
Sunlight sang as it came;  
Clouds dashed by singing;  
The blue sky coming opened its eyes to  
the sun.

This is a picture-poem  
But it is my thoughts, too!

## THROUGH THE RAINBOW

**T**HROUGH the rainbow I saw blue hills.  
Songs love that country.

## ORCHID LADY

**T**AN and green orchid,  
Are you a little lady  
Holding up your skirts  
Above wet grass?  
Do you wear a feather  
Where that white is showing?  
Is there any color  
Shut inside your heart?  
I could be an orchid,  
I could be a lady,  
I could wear a feather,  
I could step like you;  
There is just the difference  
Of your way of bowing,  
And your tilted bonnet  
And your satin shoe!

## ROSE THISTLE

A BROOK to run past it,  
A cloud to float over it,  
An eagle with its children  
To talk to it,  
The thistle on the hillside  
Is pink with dew  
And rainbow cloud.  
Two bees dig out honey as hard  
as they can  
Before the shower:  
The humming bird eats honey too,  
And later he will want thistle-down  
for his nest  
When the rose-color has gone  
And the flower is changed.

## MOON IN OCTOBER

THE moon is at her crystal window  
Spinning and weaving . . .  
The moon looks out of her window of crystal.  
She has no lights excepting stars  
That hang on threads unknown  
From her sky-ceiling, her walls.  
Their twinkling is like the twittering of  
many birds  
In the early morning.  
The moon sits by her crystal window;  
She sings to herself and spins . . .  
Spins the pale blue silken thread  
That holds earth dangling  
Over deep light. . . .

*(Now this is what the moon sings:)*

Spin, spinning wheel,  
Day and night too!  
I keep it going all the time  
To weave my robe of dew.  
I make it from the fields of blue

## MOON IN OCTOBER

And the robin's breast;  
The sun gives me rays  
From the yellow west.  
It shall be touched with evening  
And with mellowy dew,  
And send a separate shining  
Down the sky to you,  
My woven gown of sun-rays,  
My silken gown of blue.



D.P. Lathrop





## AUTUMN BLUE MIST

**T**HIS is night's own trailing wind  
That goes by in blue mist  
When morning wakes.  
This is not smoke from chimneys,  
No fire breathes and puffs it out  
Across the sun.  
This is autumn on an October morning . . .  
Early hills,  
Fields in a veil.

## MARY COBWEB

SHE was not exactly a doll . . .  
I always saw her taller,  
And she liked flowery dresses  
And gloves of violet petals.  
Yet she was cozy and heartsome,  
She could cook mushrooms  
And knew how to season a roast.  
Quite practical!  
I called her Mary Cobweb  
Because I knew one day that must be  
her name,  
Though nobody told me:  
And the secret fairy ways she had  
Kept me interested in spite of my  
growing . . .  
(Though now I have lost her!)  
I know she liked cream . . .  
I know she could not leave a honeycomb  
Unbroken . . .  
Somehow she was real  
Through my own feelings. . . .

TO A BLACK PANSY

**L**ITTLE Prince,  
Why do you stray about  
Like a firefly who has lost  
his lantern?  
Why do you sob,  
Small gypsy in the dark?  
Do you think maybe the world  
Will end tonight?

## WET DAY

**R**AIN-DROPS slanted down,  
Light struck through them sharply . . .  
The sun burst through . . .  
It was like a thunder cloud  
But golden.  
Everybody was shut into houses  
On this favorite street of mine:  
Even I had been shut in.  
But when I saw the rain-drops parted,  
I stood free:  
The sun-god swept his wind over us.  
He flung glory into our feeling of clear  
relief . . .  
People of the town  
Tired of rain.

## AUGUST AFTERNOON

SEA-BLUE of gentian,  
Blackberries' ebony stain,  
Yellow of goldenrod,  
Tree fringes wavering along  
    the road  
Under the hill,  
These make up an August  
    afternoon  
I have known:  
But more than fruit or flower or  
    tree  
Is my mother's love I hold  
In my heart.

## BLUEBELL RING

**B**LUEBELLS all in one  
Like a piece of sky,  
Nodding to the faint air  
With still faces,  
Stirring a little,  
Holding their breath for wonder  
But all the time friendly  
To any one who passes. . . .



## GOLD FISH

**L**IKE a shot of gold  
Or an arrow darting  
With thin gold wings  
He swims . . .  
Now around . . . then straight . . .  
Then a swish of tail . . .  
Then zigzag all along  
With a kind of stiff smile . . .  
In ponds or bowls  
He swims and stares  
Out of big popping eyes  
Of ebony . . .



## BARBERRY

I'M going to have a horse  
Named Barberry,  
His coat the color of barberry leaves  
In autumn:  
Russet red he will be  
With flying mane,  
Strong and wiry,  
His head slender and haughty!  
Touch him . . . feel the life and joy  
    within him  
Run through you like fire!  
He will be free as wind:  
He will take me through forests away  
    from people,  
Past lakes, across rivers, into the moun-  
    tains:  
He will go galloping across corn fields  
    by twilight  
He will find me a coral beach.  
His eyes will snap with joy of always  
    being free.  
*People may give me their best horses . . .  
Barberry for me, against them all!*

## FIELD MOUSE

**L**ITTLE brown field mouse  
Hiding when the plough goes by,  
Timid creature that you are,  
Wild thing,  
Were you once in the forest?  
Did you move to the fields?  
In your brown cloak  
You gather grain  
For your secret meals:  
You will build a house of earth  
The way you remember:  
From a baby up to your fullgrown feeling  
You have run about the field  
As other field-mice will run about  
When another century has come  
Like a cloud. . . .

## BUTTERFLY ADVENTURE

**I** SAW a butterfly  
Dark-brown and dusty  
Like a plain traveler.  
But when the sun shone on him  
He wore sapphire-blue and opal  
And winking half-moons of gold powder . . .  
All the brown vanished away!

How could I know  
He was iridescent?  
Nature seems to hide  
When you look at her with sleepy eyes,  
But with eyes wide-open in the open light  
You see her shine to all the colors  
Of the sun.

## CHERRY BLOSSOMS

**A**RTIFICIAL, lying on the bough like  
snow-flakes,  
With pinkness touching them sometimes  
As though it were sunset,  
Cool and far-looking  
Yet turning all the time into red ruby cher-  
ries. . . .

I am waiting with the robin redbreast  
For the hour to come!  
They will be green, then daffodil yellow  
Then their cheeks will redden,  
They will be ruby-dark that now are hidden. . . .  
The far will change into near. . . .

*I am watching you every Maytime hour  
You artificial rosebud-snowflake cherry  
blossoms!*

## THE MILKY WAY

**D**OWN the highroad of the Milky Way  
We go riding  
On horses made of stars.  
The clouds flit like white butterflies;  
We are dry . . . we do not know it is raining  
Upon earth.  
Roses of opal and pearl  
Sway back and forth in the musical wind . . .  
Pine trees like emeralds hang . . .  
A pheasant's wing like a fan is spread . . .  
White mountain-peaks gleam . . .  
Purple and silver is the sunrise.  
Quiet lakes shine along the Milky Way  
Like mirrors you hang on cottage walls.  
When I am asleep  
This is what I shall dream.  
Things can never really go,  
They come again and stay.  
When your thoughts are put on beautiful things  
They come alive and stay alive  
In your mind.





## PEONY

SHELL-PINK it stands in the tall glass,  
Queen Elizabeth in a ruff (or one of her  
ladies?)

Looking the way she did in old English times.  
To see her makes me hear fiddlers playing  
Out-of-doors!

I can never tell which they will be when they come  
out . . .

King or queen or lady of the court . . .

Country woman or man or little laughing girl

Dancing through the woods . . .

Very soon that peony over there

Is going to be Cinderella;

But this is Queen Elizabeth

In my mother's vase.





## DAISIES

✓  
 SNOW-WHITE shawls . . .  
 Golden faces . . .  
 Countryside, hillside, wayside  
 people . . .  
 Little market-women  
 Selling dew and yellow flour  
 To make bread  
 For some city of elves. . . .

## THE OLD BRASS POT

**T**HE old brass pot in the corner  
Shines and scowls at the kitchen  
pans;  
Like a stubborn king  
He sits and frowns . . .  
Orders them about  
When I'm not looking.  
He was a gift from the fairy queen . . .  
*What can I do?*

He boils rice when I want it,  
Makes broth when it is needed,  
He is magic  
But he growls all day.  
Without him it would be pleasant and  
comfortable  
In my little cottage  
With wistaria growing over the open  
windows . . .  
*What can I do?*

## THE OLD BRASS POT

He tells the frying pan  
To stay on its hook . . .  
He shouts at the other pans  
In a gruff voice . . .  
They all might be so happy  
In my cozy kitchen!  
Tell me . . . but you must whisper . . .  
*What can I do?*

## ELSA

**M**Y sister stood on a hilltop  
Looking toward the sea.  
The wind was in her bronze-colored  
hair.

She was an image  
On a broken wave . . .  
Foam was at her feet.  
So for a moment she wavered  
And was lovely;  
And I remember her.

## HILL SONG

**A**WAY, away on a winding road,  
Away, away, far and wide to the mountains,  
Through pleasant meadow-plains that smell of  
strawberries

Down a lane of mountain-rue  
We go.

All this will fade away,  
But here we are on the road to the hills  
To the sky where swallows flit  
And shove their wings into the mountain-air.  
They slash their wings into the brook-water,  
Let it flupper over their wings. . . .

*(In the fields, strawberries dark red with  
ripeness,  
In the brook, trout that wear coral beads.)*

It is the gurgling of brook-water  
Makes me want to sing!  
This hill-song is over now . . .  
Ends suddenly  
Like a sapphire. . . .



D.P.L.

## APPLE-BLOSSOM TOWN

**I**KNOW an orchard . . .  
Apple-blossom Town!  
Bees live in the next village.  
Pink and fluffy houses in the trees  
Are for rent.  
My thoughts tell me who will come . . .  
These are trees that blossom with bees  
and birds.  
Here is a town with just enough air,  
just enough sun;  
Love enough, happiness enough.

## PIGEONS JUST AWAKE

AS the sun rose  
Everything was bathed in gold,  
Trees were still and solemn . . .  
Pigeons waded the dew.  
Their feet were the color of new June  
    strawberries.  
I thought what it must be to fly,  
To whirl up into the light,  
To know the curved flight of pigeons  
Above trees and lawns!  
If I could fly  
I should not have to leave my mother  
    for long  
Nor my dark-eyed sister;  
Only a fluttering, a lifting  
Up round the elm tree and over,  
A cool curving and sliding down the  
    light  
Into wet grass.

## MAGNOLIA

OH shell-pink that you wear,  
Oh pure white bosom!  
Like a fan all spread,  
Like a sail ready to go over lapping  
seas,  
Sometimes birds flutter in your branches,  
But you have not many friends.  
Your friends are flowers,  
Your comrades are trees,  
But birds seem shy of you,  
And the little insects.  
I know not what your thoughts may be  
When the wind blows your flower-buds  
Single or in clusters,  
Oh beautiful magnolia  
Up against the gray stern sky!  
Your color lightens the grayness  
And purples the rain.



## LITTLE OLD WOMAN

**B**ENDING down like arms  
The branches of the crab-apple tree  
Make a shining tent  
With doors of glass I can look through  
And green satiny doors  
Each with a lock of gold.  
I sit like a little old woman knitting  
In the Spring warmth . . .  
The spots of sunlight on the grass  
Are golden children singing and dancing;  
My arms are full of golden children,  
Though I do not know what they  
sing . . .  
Little old woman that I am,  
Knitting. . . .



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## TODAY I SAW

**T**ODAY I saw the world a new way:  
Close-drawn slanted rain, white light,  
the wind blowing,  
And the sky with a fringe of elm-buds.

Let the rain now fall in torrents  
And the trees shake like flags:  
Today I saw the world a new way.

Let the sand-dunes have their song.  
The Connecticut swept by them proudly  
Fluttering her silver skirts of rain  
So that I thought of all the queens I have  
ever known  
In all the stories.

## DRYAD

**D**ON'T scold willows,  
They are dryad trees!  
If you find a dryad,  
Dolores, my dear,  
She will kiss you, maybe . . .  
Make you young again!







## WILD TULIP

**M**OTTLED like the tiger-lily leaf,  
With black necklace clinging,  
(Of course it has a green cloak!)  
God has made a tulip.  
He made the glacier like a moving jewel,  
He made the tulip  
Like a red cloud lighted by the sun.  
I wonder how it feels to make a flower  
Or a glacier like a great dream!



## LUSTRE CUP

**T**HE rainy blue teacup is my favorite.  
It has a mountain like a white butterfly  
Poised. . . .  
It has a lake with coral reeds.  
I see water-hyacinth growing,  
And I know flamingoes  
Will come flying over.  
A strange voice tells me to go searching . . .  
Tells me I could find something on that shore  
No one else can find.

## VOLCANO

**I**N Mexico a mountain stands alone.  
It looms above me . . . a joy strikes my  
heart;  
I see its transparent colors, its long opal  
hair . . .  
But the moon would make it shine  
A heap of silver.  
My thoughts are gone from me  
Because of that splendid trembling iridescent  
thing . . .  
I know it will fade,  
I know it must go.  
Songs float over its crest . . .  
Dusk is coming on . . .  
*I will touch the mountain!*  
My fingers touch air.  
The broad bright country sways in folds  
Like long slow waves . . .  
If all the hills were water rising and falling  
This would be the highest wave,  
This would be the white-hooded wave,  
This would be the great wave for sea-gulls  
to follow!

## MAY BASKET

NOT violets, not lilac,  
But cowslips to remind you of the  
marshes,  
To tell you how the redwing is back  
On pale-feathered willows;  
Cowslips wading in water . . . I found  
them wading  
Up to their little green knees. . . .

### THREE HYACINTHS

**T**HREE hyacinths grow gaily  
In the blue Chinese jar:  
My mother, my sister and I!  
We are curly-fingered,  
We wear pointed caps:  
We play ring-around-a-rosey all day long:  
We look at winter through a silver  
window  
Glad we are not made of frost,  
For hyacinths on window-panes  
Fade and vanish . . .  
They cannot look back at the sun  
Laughing softly;  
They cannot whisper together, I suppose,  
As garden hyacinths do,  
Or as my mother, my sister and I whisper  
and play  
Living in the blue jar.

## SNOW MORNING

**M**ORNING is a picture again  
With snow-puffed branches  
Out of the wind . . .  
With the sky caught like a blue  
feather  
In the butternut tree.  
I cannot see the world behind the  
snow,  
But when I look into my mind  
There with all its people and colors  
The world sits smiling  
Quite warm and cozy.

## GOLD-FISH BOWL

**T**HROUGH the gold-fish bowl  
I look into tropical islands.  
'The great bowl of water makes things  
bigger than they are . . .

Stranger.

That is why one spray behind the glass  
Keeps me dreaming of a palm tree;  
And our reflected windows  
Are a water-place.

The fish swim into one window .  
Out of another . . .

Winding their gentle way  
With no sound.

The bowl reflects and sings with color  
And with my thoughts.

My mind whirrs and spins round  
Thinking of things I'll see when I'm  
grown,

Thinking of what is in the world beyond  
Waiting for me,

While I stare and stare into the gleamy  
bowl

Where gold and silver fish twinkle by  
Weaving their web of shining trails. . . .

## WRECK

SUNFISH like doves in the sea-trees . . .  
And down below, a wreck  
On the floor of sand.

*That ship was a radiant ship  
Sailing the going waters  
To a sea far . . . far . . .  
Those waves that dash against the rocks,  
They are the same waters  
That took the ship in their arms . . .*

## ORION

**I** SAW Orion glitter  
Through the dark-boughed elm-tree;  
And though I am little, though I could not  
    know or imagine  
How he came there,  
I knew how beautiful he was.



## MOONBEAM

**M**OONBEAM steps down the  
    silken ladder  
Woven by Mrs. Spider  
To ask her to spin him a net  
To catch the stars.





## BLUE JAY

**A**LL the flowers are sleeping,  
A feather blanket of snow  
Over them.  
Blue Jay balances on a dry old sun-  
flower's bent head . . .  
He dives under . . .  
He strikes out seeds with angry  
beak.  
His wings are barred with frost,  
His snow-dusty feet  
Are like dull crystal.  
I like him . . . almost . . .  
But must he keep on screeching in  
such a voice  
And the flowers at their wits' end  
For a little quiet?

## CHINESE SILK

OVER the sea a wandership,  
Over the sea a ship with sails of silk  
Above the marble-white decks.  
Silk with dragons of green,  
Purple mountains,  
Silk like a garden of colored gold and silver  
With dolphins playing in a square pond;  
Silk like a proud park  
With a bold-plumaged peacock in a tree . . .  
Rainbow and amethyst and gold.  
I see fish with twinkling fins . . .  
I see stars in water . . .  
I see winter frost  
Fringed with sunrise and sunset . . .  
Maybe I see more than this  
Tall sails full of pictures!  
Silk from far-away China  
With pictures coming alive  
In the wind!

## WEAVING LAUREL DANCE

**T**HERE'S a path that leads  
Through two squares of laurel  
Where I dance like a nymph  
In the April light.  
I go through . . . out on the other  
side . . .  
Back again . . . winding . . .  
Twice again I weave my dance  
And wander away among the trees.  
I shall go back to dance again  
When the laurel blossoms come,  
When the May sun tinkles  
Through the deep pines.  
Stately the pines will wave over me  
While I am in my weaving laurel  
dance. . . .



## LILAC BUSH

**L**ILAC princess  
Swaying in a lavender gown,  
She looks at no one  
But straight into the eyes  
Of sky and wind.  
She may be sad when the rain comes,  
She may be glad when it goes,  
Always she has a smile  
To give the world.  
The sun beams on her,  
Gives his glittering rays,  
Helps her to remember

## LILAC BUSH

When she was in bud.

In clusters . . . a lavender torch . .

She trembles . . . is alive . . .

Swaying in the lovely light

Of evening.



## IRIS

WHITER than snow, sharp  
    whiteness,  
With fanning leaves, small and  
    straight  
Like herself,  
With head to the sky  
And violet eyes wide-open,  
Iris comes murmuring a song  
As trees do,  
And leans upon the wind.  
Later she droops her head,  
For the dark  
Has caught her . . .

## WHEN MOONLIGHT FALLS

WHEN moonlight falls on the water  
It is like fingers touching the chords  
of a harp

On a misty day.

When moonlight strikes the water

I cannot get it into my poem:

I only hear the tinkle of ripples of light.

When I see the water's fingers and the moon's  
rays

Intertwined,

I think of all the words I love to hear,

And try to find words white enough

For such shining. . . .

## LITTLE GREEN BERMUDA POEM

GREEN water of waves  
On the Bermuda beaches:  
White coral roads running away,  
Pinks shells waiting for me to come:  
*I shall come some day!*  
How would it sound to be there alone  
And hear the Atlantic Ocean  
Crash on bright rocks?  
This island is a great rainbow  
That lasts forever.  
People go and come  
And the waves forget them.  
I see the island turn and turn  
A soap-bubble with rainbows drifting  
down,  
A rainbow ball turning. . . .  
Always light . . . always glitter looking  
through . . .  
My poem that began with a green wave  
Has broken into colors.

## THUNDER MIST

WHIRLING vapor changing. . . .  
    *Is it an opening flower?*  
    *Is it a fading prancing horse?*  
The steeple with its oldness,  
In the foreground a maple with silver-  
    backed leaves  
Against a violet cloud . . .  
This is an August storm  
That blew down out of the sky.

## BUTTERFLY IN A WIND

ALL of a sudden  
Blown to my hand  
Wings of dewy color,  
Silvery flaky dust along my finger. . . .  
I wondered where he had come  
from?  
I asked him where he was going?

Butterfly words are faint  
But I heard his answer . . .  
*I never know!*  
*I am a wanderer in the wind.*

## I KEEP WONDERING

**I** SAW a mountain  
And he was like Wotan looking at him-  
self in the water.

I saw a cockatoo .  
And he was like sunset clouds.  
Even leaves and little stones  
Are different to my eyes sometimes.  
I keep wondering through and through my  
heart  
Where all the beautiful things in the world  
Come from?  
And while I wonder  
They go on being beautiful.

## ABOUT ANIMALS

**A**NIMALS are my friends and my kin  
and my playfellows;  
They love me as I love them.  
I have a feeling for them I cannot express . . .  
It burns in my heart.  
I make thoughts about them to keep in my  
mind.  
I warm the cold, help the hurt, play with  
the frolicsome;  
I laugh to see two puppies playing  
And I wonder which is which!  
*General* is a dog with blue-black eyes;  
They shine . . . there is a love comes from  
them;  
He is filled with joy when he guards me;  
His eyes try to speak.  
I see his mind through them  
When he asks me to say things for him as  
well as I can  
Because he has no words.







## GOLDEN PEAR TREE

OUT beyond the hills  
In a meadow there stands a pear tree  
Like the sun.  
It is a singing tree . . .  
Its song is of the wind, of birds, of myself.  
In winter time it is changed to a silver shape  
of snow;  
But before that time it has borne its pears  
Of amber and gold.

## VERMONT HILLS

**T**HE Vermont hills curve  
Like a swirl of wind;  
The last light shines . . .  
They are like plums and grapes.  
They have lights like coral,  
Like April peach-trees in the dark.  
I shall dream them again  
When years have gone,  
And I shall not have forgotten  
You.

## EAGLE ON THE MOUNTAIN CREST

**H**IS bronze shone like a haze:  
From below you would think him  
an image  
Of long ago.  
But he is real . . . he is of now-a-days:  
No one made him but God.



## MERMAID

**D**O not grieve,  
Do not be unhappy,  
Do not look about  
As though you saw nothing!

Soon the black, the dark green ocean  
Will come back . . .  
Will clash against the rocks  
On the sliding sand . . .

## MERMAID

Soon the sun will come from the eastern  
horizon

Up from great blue hills  
To change the water to glittering heaps  
Of pearls. . . .

*Then you will remember!*

## MARCH SUNSET

**P**INES cut dark on a bronze sky . . .  
A juniper tree laughing to the harp  
of the wind . . .  
Last year's oak leaves rustling . . .  
And oh, the sky like a heart of fire  
Burned down to those coals that have the  
color of fruit . . .  
Cherries . . . light red grapes . . .

## COZY SONG

COZY we sit  
A cricket and I,  
In a little tree-trunk corner  
Soft with leaves of falling snow.  
Friends are we.  
For once he is not thinking  
About music or moonlight.  
We talk of a cottage somewhere  
With a canary in the window  
And chairs leaning together  
Like old people talking;  
It looks warm-hearted  
To our dreams.



## COPPER BOWL

**W**HEN clouds sit in the sky  
The earth must look to them  
like a copper bowl  
With the sun on it.  
I hope they see the green elm-buds float-  
ing in that bowl,  
And color like a lavender scarf  
That is the April wind!

## PINE CONE

**P**INE CONE is a brown girl  
From Kentucky.  
By a gleaming lake she stands  
Like a lady in front of a mirror  
Admiring her dress.  
I often see her brown curls ruffled  
out . . .  
I see her dimples . . .  
I hear the grass and the dew play  
music to her . . .  
But what made me think of her  
today  
I'll never know.



## I LIVE IN A COTTAGE

**T**HERE'S a little cottage  
 in a ring of hedge.  
 Hyacinths grow  
 At the garden edge.  
 There's poplar and lilac  
 And an apple tree. . . .  
*And there I am in my little red  
 dress and sunbonnet with the  
 watering-pot in my hand . . .*  
 Have you come to visit me?

WHO?

**I**TALIAN anemones in rose-mellowed  
purple  
Are a window of color.  
Who is looking through?

## PALM TREES

*P*ALM trees like old India shine . . .  
I said to myself:  
But really they were folded elm-boughs  
Written in shadow  
On the grass.

### COSTUME

**I** HAD ribbons the color of daffodils  
That are bells within bells:  
I had shoes with crystal heels  
To keep me dancing:  
I tossed my head under a cap  
With a tassel of cherries,  
And then I said and said once more  
My name is Miranda.

## CLARKE FARM

AS you wander down a road of golden  
sand  
You look past stretches of winter-dry  
meadow  
Inlaid with spruce and pine.  
Red maples splash down the forest hillside;  
Transparent birches draw pale lines against  
the underbrush;  
The Connecticut has just now gone swinging  
between those mountains,  
Though I could not see it going.  
The mountains curve downward, they hold  
their hands over their eyes . . .  
They peer into the water curiously  
Over the tops of yellow willows.  
I am far away . . . I see the mountains  
blurred . . .  
Bent heads . . . blue shoulders . . .



## NEVER-KNOWN

**T**HE chickadee taught me this river  
Through the goldenrod field:  
A river of blue light  
Going zigzag over the goldenrod  
In the sun.

I found a mountain . . .  
At least it was one to the ants and crickets:  
It was round soft turf,  
It had a dimple where a stone had been  
And a stalk of goldenrod  
Instead of an elm tree.



## NEVER-KNOWN

Once I saw a field full of gentians  
The color of mountains when they are far away.  
But this was an ordinary field  
Where a mouse could live quietly all his days  
Exploring his own country.  
Only to me it was different . . .  
To me it was a Never-Known  
With a blue river and a yellow jungle . . .

And while I was about it, I made my mountains  
    high,  
Feathery on top, as they do in maps,  
Curved feathers dropped along in handfuls  
Marked *Mts.*

## CLIFFACRE

A RAMBLING house on top of a cliff  
Overlooking a many-colored canyon  
Alone with the sunset,  
Alone with the dawn.  
Trees crowding down beyond the garden:  
A place where I should put food for wild  
animals . . .  
Through my big west windows  
I could watch them come and go.  
Sand along the cliff . . . cedars with berries like  
blue wax . . .  
Then the stable half-hidden where I shall keep  
my horses  
Barberry and Gray Glory,  
Just a tile-roofed shelter for them in a wing of  
sand  
Off at one side . . . but not too far . . .

Where will it be? I think . . . in Wyoming.  
A cliff somewhere . . . I know I can find it . . .  
An acre of land for my house and garden.

## CLIFFACRE

I shall have a wild silver fox for a pet;  
He will learn my ways.  
Doors will stand always open . . .  
I shall do as I please all day in that house.  
There will be bowls  
For short-stemmed flowers;  
(I want all flowers that like that country  
To live in my garden . . .)  
There will be twenty-four vases  
To keep filled with roses.

## JEANNE D'ARC

**I**F I were Jeanne D'Arc  
It would be hard remembering the apple-  
orchard in bloom,  
With nothing about me but noise and armies,  
All men, all women, unhappy,  
No time for children (Let them be quiet!)  
No time for anybody  
But kings . . .  
And the appletrees all the time wondering . . .

## I SHALL COME BACK

**I** SHALL be coming back to you  
From seas, rivers, sunny meadows,  
glens that hold secrets:  
I shall come back with my hands full  
Of light and flowers.  
Brooks braided in with sunbeams  
Will hang from my fingers.  
My heart will be awake . . .  
All my thoughts and joys will go to you.  
I shall bring back things I have picked up,  
Traveling this road or the other,  
Things found by the sea or in the pine-  
wood.  
There will be a pine-cone in my pocket,  
Grains of pink sand between my fingers.  
I shall tell you of a golden pheasant's  
feather;  
I shall tell you of stars like seaweed.  
Moons will glitter in my hair . . .  
Will you know me?  
I shall come back when sunset has turned  
away and gone,  
And you will untangle the moons  
And make me drowsy  
And put me to bed.





## BIG DIPPER

THE Big Dipper spilled stars down over the  
roofs,  
I felt the way the wind whirled stars  
Over the town roofs. . . .

I felt the town asleep:  
I felt people there in the great crisp dark.  
When morning came in a waver of light  
There was a breath of change . . . all the  
dreams going away from the dreamers  
As dreams do go away in the morning.

A ring of hills . . . one river . . . some streets  
Make a design.  
Stars make a design  
And it is a Big Dipper  
Or the Pleiades like a bunch of grapes. . . .  
It is harder to say what the roofs mean:  
I don't know . . .  
Maybe I'm not yet far enough  
Away.



## DESERTED HOUSE

**D**O you remember the house  
With many windows?  
It looked through its cobwebs  
At the blue mountain.  
There were old rosebushes near the doorstep . . .  
Queer bright single roses bloomed . . .  
I used to think of people  
Who had wanted them there.  
Maybe there was a little girl  
Going barefoot . . .  
Maybe she thought summer began  
With a rosebush.  
Do you remember the maples  
And the fence where we saw baby swallows  
In a row?

I made a song about a princess.  
She was a little girl . . .

*In the cobweb house of stone she is hidden . . .  
They have left her alone.*

## DESERTED HOUSE

*When she called no one answered . . .*

*They have left her alone.*

*She sang to keep her heart high . . .*

*They have left her alone.*

*But the silvery cold made her shiver and sleep*

*And her song went by.*

After that I made a story about her

Out of the old house;

I put roseleaves on her eyes . . .

(You know how sunset . . . every afternoon . . .

Used to fill the window-panes with colors

They had never known?)

## DRAGON FLY

**Y**OU jerk against the sun,  
You twist your diamond wires and green-  
gold scales,  
You tilt your body . . . head down . . .  
You quiver . . .  
Are you angry or only excited?  
I should think the ferns might be excited  
Feeling you there:  
And you never mention the reasons  
For your coming.  
Sure of your wings  
You have time in the air for thinking:  
You poise and are content.  
But only lizards among old stones  
Can find as you find the unexpected turning:  
You say *It is time to go!*  
And you have gone.

## TIME

**T**IME is a harp  
That plays to you till you fall asleep;  
You are always spending it away  
Like a music . . .  
Suddenly you are left alone  
On a trail of wind.

The mountains were asleep  
Long ago!  
Listen . . . the tune is changing . . .  
Do you hear it?  
You will sleep too  
Before long . . .















